

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 262.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1837.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

COUNTRY TOWN SKETCHES.

THE aspect of some of our little quiet provincial boroughs, basking, as it were, in the sunshine of a summer day, is very prepossessing. To the dwellers in large cities, or the inhabitants of the woods and fields, a small country town forms equally an object of curiosity: the latter wonder how any body can be found to live constantly in a town at all, and the city folk, how they can live in a small town; and certainly small towns are to active-minded persons more suited for casual visits than for a permanent abode. There are, however, many shades of difference between them; some give an idea of laziness, some of dullness, and some of quietude only; while some are dirty, and some are bustling—characteristics which strongly impress themselves upon the mind of a traveller, even should his sojourn be limited to the change of horses at an inn. In the metropolis, the spectator, as he surveys the crowd which throngs in every thoroughfare, wonders how habitations can be found for the masses of people which seem to choke up the avenues, while, in country towns, he suspects, in spite of some slight indications to the contrary—smoke from the chimnies, and flower-pots in the windows—that the houses are destitute of inhabitants. It seems to be a rule of etiquette among the genteeler sort never to be seen: tiers upon tiers of windows, five in a row, will stretch themselves along some substantial brick mansion, adorned with the whitest of little muslin curtains, and bright with continual cleaning; but not a head, not even the housemaid, appears at one of them. The shops are gaily set out with ribbons and gauds of the most tempting description, but they seem to possess no attraction for the belles of the place; and if there should be a group of young ladies, either lounging at the door, or looking into the windows, ten to one but they belong to the carriage at the corner of the street, which has just brought them in from the country.

A knot of two or three gentlemen may sometimes be seen congregating together under the portico of the chief inn, but the ladies are infinitely more secluded. Most of them, nevertheless, contrive not only to hear, but to see, all that is going on. The smallest movement in the place becomes known by a sort of magic. An event, no matter what, occurs at the eastern extremity of the town, and all about it is known in no time at the western boundary; the rapidity with which the intelligence travels, resembling in some respects the velocity of an electrical shock, which is felt at both ends of a wire at the same instant of time. The incoming of any stranger is, in particular, a matter of extraordinary interest; it is as good as meat and drink—bed, board, and washing, for a week—to half a hundred gossips, who are not long in ascertaining his pedigree up to the days of Noah, and his resources even to the odd pounds, shillings, and pence, lying in the hands of his banker. The arrival of a post-chaise is a great affair in these old-fashioned dreamy towns; and even the circumstance of the family carriage of the neighbouring squire having been seen on shopping excursions three times during the week, is a bit of news not to be despised. It is known, beyond the possibility of doubt, that there will soon be a marriage in the family of the Barringers at the Lodge; that the postman has called at the cottage of Captain Riley five times within the last fortnight with letters, some of them with large red wax seals stamped with a coat of arms—crest, a stag passant; that Miss Humphries has sported a new bonnet, which must have come from London; and that all the Creswells have gone into mourning—facts, the two latter, at least, which, but

for some extraordinary degree of vigilance, could not have transpired until the following Sunday, when the church bells would of course bring out the whole population, and, should the weather prove fine, all attired in their very best.

There is generally very great diversity in the build-ings of a small town: one tall mansion will have minikin neighbours on each side, little better than stalls; others are low, and occupy a large portion of ground; and some are oddly squeezed into corners, as if every inch of land was of the greatest consequence. Upon walking down the principal streets, we see through the shops, and back-parlour windows, pretty gardens filled with many-coloured flowers, or a sudden opening gives a bright glimpse of country. The rural air, and the excessive cleanliness of those shops, render them very attractive; even that of the butcher losing all its offensiveness in the absence of many of the appurtenances connected with the trade in larger places.

The servants belonging to a provincial town form one of its curiosities; they are distinguished alike from those domesticated in the country families, and those who are found in the metropolis. The women perhaps have an advantage in the comparison; they are fresher looking, and dress quite as gaily, but in a more picturesque style; the crowns of their caps reach a higher altitude, and the ribbons are of a more gaudy description. The male servants are, on the other hand, any thing but smart, either in appearance or manners. Their awkwardness seems to bid defiance even to the powers of a drill-serjeant; and though as much addicted as their metropolitan brethren to standing at street-doors, they never acquire the indolent lounge of the latter. If out of livery, there is no mistaking the man for the master, unless the latter be a very vulgar person indeed. Now, in London the butler is sometimes the finer looking gentleman of the two, while the footmen perform the duties of their office with a grace which seems perfectly marvellous. Nothing incommoded by their long canes, they open the carriage doors, let down the steps, and present their arms to the ladies with the greatest possible ease and facility; they glide about dressing-rooms amongst the bijouterie, without raising alarm in the breasts of the beholders, performing the offices required of them with perfect command of countenance and action: the most ridiculous circumstance occurring in their presence would fail to move them to laughter, and they never speak except in the most respectful manner, and upon occasions of absolute necessity. In fact, they are so well bred in their official capacity, that it is rather a puzzle to know how they conduct themselves in private life, and whether the servants' hall is not equally as decorous as the drawing-room. Country servants, on the contrary, find it impossible to contain their merriment when any thing ludicrous is said or done; they are loquacious upon every occasion, and, nine times out of ten, are tolerably certain of extinguishing the candles should they attempt to snuff them, and of spilling the coals out of the skuttle when called upon to make up the fire. It is but justice, however, to recollect that what may be wanting in dexterity and polish, is compensated by fidelity and attachment—virtues of greater value. The country-town servant, who brews the beer, milks the cow, works in the garden, grooms the horse, drives the pony chaise, and waits at table, forms another species of person, an active hard-working man of much respectability. But it is the show-servants of some of the superior establishments who afford the best subjects for caricature, and may generally be ranked amongst the absurdities of the place.

The aristocratic principle is beautifully illustrated in places such as we allude to. The town and its suburbs are sectioned into social compartments, of at least a dozen degrees of rank; all differing from each other, yet all nicely shading off down and down, from the most exalted to the most humble and poverty-stricken. The members of each class, thus, visit only among themselves, and only recognise those below them at odd out-of-the-way times, or when their dignity may not be compromised by an appearance of familiarity. A stranger, therefore, paying a passing visit to the place, must take infinite care how he calls upon any one in, or attaches himself to, the wrong circle; for there, to a certainty, he must remain. No power or address can save him, or, in other words, drag him upwards, after making the false step—that is, always providing, and being it understood, that he is not an unmarried man with a competence or fortune. For, then, the case is entirely altered; the higher order, somehow or other, having always lots of daughters of a marriageable quality, whom they are anxious to see established in life, and for whose sake they are willing for a time to make a concession to the spirit of democracy.

Sometimes a very slender line of demarcation separates the visitable from the unvisitable; a sort of suburb is considered quite distinct from the town, and goes by a different name; and the houses standing separate, with gardens around them, the inhabitants are to all intents and purposes entitled to the benefits of such a position. But while one end of the town is thus rendered fashionable, the other, even though divided by a bridge, enjoys not the same privilege; the houses may be as good, the gardens as spacious, yet those who dwell there must be content to call themselves town's-people, and to limit their ambition to the society which the place affords. Should it happen that a person of low origin, thriving in business, who has realised a fortune, chooses to retire from trade, and to establish himself in a good house in the town, in all probability he will not be visited; but if another individual in the same rank in life should acquire wealth elsewhere, no great matter how, and return to spend it in the place of his nativity, he will find no difficulty in getting into society.

Some persevering individuals, however, belonging to families which have no pretensions to dignity of birth, generally are found to rise to eminence in a country town; and should the name happen to be odd as well as vulgar, such as Gabbage, or Hoggins, or Snugs, or Ruggleton, the nature of the origin becomes manifest. There will be Mr Ruggleton the banker, a very great man indeed; Mr John Ruggleton the lawyer, very nearly, if not quite as great; then comes one Richard Ruggleton, scarcely acknowledged by his proud relations, who keeps a secondary inn; James Ruggleton, a butcher, no connection at all, according to the statements of the grand people; while in some of the shabbiest lanes and alleys, a barber's pole will be seen protruding from the door of an extremely small shop, with Thomas Ruggleton written beneath it; and a little lower down, a placard of board, with the following inscription painted askew in white letters—"Mangling done here by Ann Ruggleton." The only roof under which all these scions of the same stock meet, is the church. The Misses Ruggleton *par distinction*, the banker's daughters, walk up the principal aisle, attended by a servant in a bright blue livery coat, with bright yellow plush accessories, carrying their prayer-books; the lawyer's family are followed by a boy in pepper and salt, cuffed and collared with red, it not having been yet discovered

that family liveries should always be the same; the innkeeper's daughters walk in by themselves, and unluckily occupy a few whence they can bow to their grand relations; the butcher's daughters sit in greater obscurity behind, but near to their cousins of the Dog and Duck, with whom they are upon terms of the closest intimacy, while the poorer sort establish themselves in the meaner order of seats. Ann Ruggleton thinks it hard that she cannot get the custom of these fine people, who are all her own kith and kin, and whom she remembers to have been no better off than herself. The barber has turned radical, and abuses the aristocracy on account of the treatment which he has received from relations who look down upon him; and the butcher is sometimes restive; he is only conciliated at elections, and is hardly to be persuaded into voting the right way. A few other members of the family, such as the milliners, and the post-office Ruggletons, are content to visit their rich relations clandestinely as it were, that is, when they have no other company; they are wise enough to know that the rules imposed upon society are of a very despotic nature, and that the gentry of the town would object to meet them while they continued in the situation from which their relatives had raised themselves. In fact, while each complains of the pride of the other, the greater number are more or less jealous, and tenacious of their own consequence; the whole clan unite in their disdain of Ann Ruggleton, who takes in mangle, and were by no means pleased when the barber's brother got into one of the almshouses; they would rather that he should have been reduced to pauperism elsewhere; for, though unwilling to contribute to his maintenance, they were ashamed of his obtaining relief from the town funds.

Occasionally there are little histories connected with the inhabitants of the houses in these rural communities, which are very touching, although the town's-people themselves, long accustomed to the circumstances which have coloured the destiny of their neighbours, may attach little or no interest to them. One very respectable-looking house, with a large garden behind, situated in the very centre of a particular town now in our eye, is inhabited by a lady, who has never once crossed the threshold during the last fifty years. She is now seventy-three, and has always been in the enjoyment of excellent health. Her abjuration of the world was occasioned by the death of her husband, who expired suddenly upon his wedding-day. The constitution and the intellects of the unhappy widow survived the shock, but she remained inconsolable in her grief. No persuasion could induce her to pass through the door which she had entered as a joyous bride—a long perspective of felicity opening before her—and whence the remains of her best beloved were taken to their last resting-place. Her firmness wearied her friends, who at length ceased their importunities: she has survived them all, and, making no new acquaintance, receives no visitors. One confidential servant, some fifteen or twenty years younger than herself, manages her household, and attends her in her walks in the garden, the only place in which she is to be seen. Clad in the deepest widows' weeds, the old lady, on a bright summer day, paces up and down the broad gravel walk, or seats herself upon one of the grass plots, in an arm-chair brought out for the purpose, and a piece of carpeting under her feet. She tenants the back rooms in the house; and the idle passenger, peering through the front windows, sees only two tolerably sized parlours, furnished exactly alike, with Turkey carpets covering the centre of the floor, a small table beneath the looking-glass opposite the windows, high-backed chairs all round, and fire-screens papered up on each side of the grate. Every person in the town is acquainted with the story, but it seems to make little impression, except upon the breast of the stranger, who, saddened by the tale of long and quiet suffering, carries the recollection away, and often returns in thought to the widow's abode, speculating upon the nature of her feelings, and marvelling at the union of sensibility and apathy which seem to have been the characteristics of her mind; the one leading to the resolution which she adopted, the other carrying her through it.

All country towns may not be equally fortunate, but another house in the birth-place of the Ruggletons, has a still more remarkable tale attached to it. It is tenanted by a widow, the heroine of the story. The husband of this lady happened to be a very sin-

gular character, strongly addicted to antiquarian pursuits. He had the upper part of this house, the attics, converted into a museum, and built a room amongst them, lighted and ventilated in a very peculiar manner. Amid other curiosities there were two skeletons, objects so alarming to the servants, that none disputed with him the privilege of dusting and brushing; offices which he took upon himself, in consequence of the dread he entertained of injury to these precious relics. The dread of the skeletons was so great, that not one of the servants willingly approached the staircase leading to the room in which they were deposited; and one and all united in declaring that very strange sounds had been heard to proceed from these same attics. No one felt much surprised when his first wife died, for he had not the credit of being a good husband; nor did they expect that he would grieve long after her, since her death put him into uncontrolled possession of a very handsome fortune. Some astonishment, however, was manifested at the change which took place in the outward appearance of the widower; he became spruce in his dress, gay and courteous in his manners, and purchased no more curiosities, attending, however, still very diligently to those in his possession. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth, he had prevailed upon a very beautiful young lady, the portionless daughter of a curate, to become his wife. He told her plainly beforehand, that, in marrying her, she must submit to some, perhaps disagreeable, restrictions, as he had made up his mind never to leave the town in which he resided; and, therefore, in the first place, there would be no bridal tour. Business in which he was engaged, formed part of the plea, but his eccentricity seemed to be at the bottom of it. He behaved better to the second wife than he had done to the first, treating her with a great deal of kindness, and refusing to allow her to assist him in dusting the curiosities, which she had offered to do, thinking to please him, but from which she was not sorry to be excused. Several children were the offspring of this marriage, and the wife was obliged to leave home occasionally, either for her own health, or that of her infants; but her husband did not accompany her in any of these excursions, being apparently immersed in business, and notwithstanding his wealth, anxious to improve his fortune by mercantile speculations. At length, in about ten years after his second marriage, the vault in which the remains of his first wife had been deposited was opened, in consequence of some necessary repairs. It appeared that the undertaker had contrived to abstract the leaden coffin in which the body had been enclosed; the wooden one fell to pieces, and out tumbled the corpse. The perfect state of the body attracted attention; for a face, ghastly, it is true, but still undecayed, appeared beneath the mouldering shroud. Upon examination, the supposed corpse proved to be a wax figure, and an outcry arose in the vault that murder had been committed. A warrant being immediately made out for the apprehension of the suspected party, one of the magistrates of the place proceeded to his abode, and without any circumlocution acquainted him with the predicament in which he stood. After a few moments of strong perturbation, the accused exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have a living witness to prove my innocence of the crime imputed to me;" and, leading the way to the attics, he opened several doors, and brought out a prisoner, being no other than his first wife, whom he had contrived to keep in close confinement during so long a portion of her existence. The agitation produced by the discovery, and the dread of its consequences, brought on an attack of cholera, and in a very few hours the oppressor was himself a corpse. These incidents proved more than a nine-days' wonder in the town, but the excitement they occasioned died away gradually. The second wife, who, fortunately, was well provided for in a will made with due knowledge of all the circumstances of the case, repaired to the Continent with her children, while the first wife, accustomed to confinement, seemed to have lost all enterprise and energy, and to be quite content to occupy the upper, instead of the lower part of the house, in which she had endured so tedious an imprisonment. She is a quiet old lady, fond of cards, enlivened occasionally with a little gossip, her own strange history not having so imbued her with a love of the marvellous, as to render her inattentive to common scandal. No one, however, ventures to speak to her of her own story; she never alludes to it herself, and seems anxious that it should be forgotten. The curiosities have all been removed from the attics; the skeletons having taken up their quarters at an aspiring surgeon's, who, forgetful that death's-heads would scare patients from the door, has placed them in an apartment, which, in consequence of some rumours of resurrection men, has already obtained a very bad name. No doubt, a great many stories could be told about that room, and it is questionable whether the owner could maintain his ground so well, were it not for a singularly handsome junior partner, lately added to

the establishment, who condescends to dispense medicines in the shop himself, with his own white hands, and has carried away all the custom for lavender water from the perfumers, the young ladies becoming patronesses to a great extent.

THE SUBSOIL PLOUGH.

Of all the improvements which have been effected in the process of agriculture in Scotland within the last fifty or sixty years, none is perhaps so remarkable, or promises to be so beneficial, as that of thorough draining and subsoil ploughing. This great improvement is of but recent introduction, and as yet is not so well understood as it ought to be, although it is becoming every year more extensively known. For the sake of our numerous readers in the country, we shall do our best to make them acquainted with the subject.

What is called "thorough draining" is only to be accomplished by forming large main drains along the bottoms of the chief hollows or valleys of the grounds; the bottom of each main to be from two to three feet broad, and at a depth, if possible, of three and a half or four feet under the surface. It should be flagged in the bottom, or made so that the water will not wash away the sides. The top should be arched, or formed of strong flat stones, like a regular conduit. Into the main drains, let inferior drains, made with stones of the size of road metal, be directed, so as to carry off the moisture from all parts of the grounds. These are laid off at regular distances, parallel to each other and to the ridges, which are commonly in the steepest descent. Instead of forming subterranean main drains, some prefer cutting deep channels open from the surface, into which the whole of the sub-drains pour their contents; but this of course causes a loss of ground to the farmer. We lately saw a most effectual process of drainage of this description on the farm of Bonnington, near Peebles, the property of Sir John Hay, Bart. The drains here have transformed an unprofitable swamp into fields of the most luxuriant and beautiful appearance.

After a thorough mode of draining has been established, it is recommended to take a crop of oats from the ground, and afterwards go over it with the subsoil plough, crossing the lines of drains at right angles. The subsoil plough was designed, some nine or ten years ago, by James Smith, Esq. of Deanston Cotton Works, Stirlingshire, for the purpose of opening up the close subsoil of the farm of Deanston. In the design, two essential points were kept in view—first, the construction of an instrument that would effectually open up the subsoil without throwing any of it to the surface, or mixing it with the active or surface soil; second, to have an implement of the easiest possible draught for the horses, while it was of sufficient strength and weight to penetrate the firmest ground to a depth varying from fifteen to eighteen inches, and resist the shocks on the largest stones. This plough is therefore on a gigantic scale, in comparison with the light ploughs in ordinary use. Its extreme length is fifteen feet. From the socket at the point of the beam to the first stile or upright, six feet; from thence to the back of the second stile, nineteen inches; from thence to the outer end of holding handles, seven feet; from the sole to the bottom of beam at stiles, nineteen inches; length of head or sole bar, thirty inches; from heel of sole to point of sock, forty-six inches; broadest part of sock, eight inches. The coulter is curved; and in order to prevent its point being driven from its place by stones, it is inserted to the depth of an inch in a socket. The lateral dimensions of the sole piece are two inches square. This is covered on the bottom and land side with a cast-iron sole piece to prevent wear. The sock goes on to the head in the usual way, and from its feather rises the spur piece, for the purpose of breaking the subsoil furrow. When the subsoil consists of very firm clay, or other hard and compact earth, the feather and spur piece may be dispensed with, and a plain wedge or spear-pointed sock, such as those of the old Scotch plough, may be used. The draught bar of one and a quarter inch round iron, is attached to the beam at the strong eye, and, passing through an eye in the upright needle, is adjustable to any height or lateral direction, being moveable in the socket, at the point of the beam, and can be made fast at any point by a pinning screw wrought by the lever. By the proper setting of the draught rod, the direction of the power of the horses is so regulated as to render the guiding of the plough easy at any depth or width of furrow. The beam is about five inches deep at the middle, and one and a quarter inch in thickness; towards the draught end it tapers to three inches deep, and one inch thick; at the holding end where the handles branch off, it is two inches by one. The whole, being iron, weighs four hundred and forty pounds imperial. This appears an enormous weight, and most people are alarmed at the strength and weight of the implement; but after repeated trials with lighter ploughs, those of the dimensions and weight now described have been found to be at once the most efficient, the most easy of draught, and the easiest for the ploughman to manage.

Four ordinary farm horses are generally sufficient

to draw this plough in breaking up subsoil of ordinary firmness; but on very tough clays or in hard till, it may be found necessary to use six horses. When four are used, they are yoked two and two, by draught bars and chains. When six are used, they are yoked three and three, by draught bars and chains. The main chain for the leading horses to pull by is hung, in both cases, by links from the collars of the rear horses, to keep it up from their legs, and the trace bars of the leaders are kept close up to their hams by cross straps on their quarters.

When horses which have been accustomed to work in pairs, are first put to work in this plough, they are apt to be a little restive, and do not at first pull well together, and this is especially the case when the subsoil is stony. The ploughman also finds some difficulty in balancing the plough at first; and if he is not a man of quiet and firm temper, the whole affair puts on the appearance of an arduous and hopeless undertaking; a few hours, or days at most, however, of temperate perseverance, will overcome all difficulties, and horses and man will work together with steadiness and effect. The work is indeed, in most cases, severe, and the horses are frequently warm and fatigued; but to insure good farming, the work must be done, and will amply repay all the trouble and expense. When a field or farm has been once efficiently gone over with the subsoil plough, it is not necessary to repeat the operation, as the original stratum of the subsoil has been completely broken up, and all land stones which offer any serious obstruction to the plough, have been removed.

According to the plan upon which this plough is made to act, it may be defined as a *pick-axe* drawn by horses, as it breaks or tears loose the hitherto obdurate subsoil, without bringing it to the surface. The object, however, is not to leave the subsoil always beneath; it remains there only till prepared and formed into an available part of the upper soil. When land which has been opened up by the subsoil plough has undergone the first rotation of cropping, the soil is then turned up and mixed to the full depth previously penetrated, say sixteen inches. This is executed by a plough of the usual construction, but of large dimensions. The expense at which these various operations are performed is considerably more than those of common ploughing, but the whole will be more than doubly repaid in every succeeding crop, and abundantly even in pasture. When land has been thoroughly drained, deeply wrought, and well manured, the most unpromising sterile soil becomes a deep rich loam, rivaling in fertility the best natural land of the country, and from being fitted for raising only scanty crops of common oats, will bear good crops of from thirty-two to forty-eight bushels of wheat, thirty to forty bushels of beans, forty to sixty-six bushels of barley, and from forty-eight to seventy bushels of early oats per statute acre, besides potatoes, turnips, mangel wurtzel, and carrot, as green crops, and which all good agriculturists know are the abundant producers of the best manure. It is hardly possible to estimate all the advantages of dry and deep land. Every operation in husbandry is thereby facilitated and cheapened, less seed and less manure produce a full effect, the chances of a good and early workable state of land for sowing are greatly increased—a matter of great importance in our precarious climate; and there can be no doubt that even the climate itself will be much improved by the general prevalence of dry land. In 1833, the system was just beginning to be adopted in a few places in a very few districts of Scotland, England, and Ireland, and in most instances on a very limited scale. Since then, the intrinsic merits and evident outspoken results of the system have raised its character, even with many of its former opponents; and one can now scarcely travel any where in the country without seeing, either on a large or a small scale, the operation of thorough draining going on. The deep ploughing is not yet so general, but it will undoubtedly follow; and it is to be regretted, that, in the mean time, some zealous and good farmers, not aware of its advantages, are filling their drains so near the surface as to mar the future thorough application of the system of deep working.

Thorough draining is the foundation of all good husbandry, and, when combined with deep ploughing, insures a general and uniform fertility, assisted no doubt by the essentials, thorough working and cleaning, ample manuring, and a proper rotation of crops.

In making a survey of the agricultural aspect of Scotland, and great part of England, it must be evident to every one skilled in agriculture, that by much the greatest proportion of the arable land, indeed we may assume three-fourths of the whole, is under very indifferent culture, arising mainly from the want of complete draining and deep working; and looking even to the best farmed districts with the eye of an experienced farmer in the thorough system, much of the land will be seen suffering under wet or damp. All the heavy lands of the Lothians, Berwickshire, Fife, Strathmore, Clydesdale, &c., would be greatly benefited by the introduction of the system; and if generally adopted, we should hear no more of "stiff clays," "cold retentive soils," and the like, in the agricultural reports.

There is no want of employment for all the spare labour and spare capital of the country, in the general thorough cultivation of the soil; and if properly gone about, it will afford ample remuneration to the indi-

vidual possessors and farmers of the land, while the riches of the country will be greatly increased.

The cultivation of the inferior soils will tend to lower the value of the high rented lands, but the general rental of the country will be much increased, whilst the prices of all agricultural produce will be lowered, thereby affording cheaper sustenance to the manufacturers, which will enable them to meet more effectually the cheap labour of other countries; and it is not at all improbable that Britain may become an exporting country in grain, in the course of the next twenty years.

To Mr Smith, a high meed of praise is due for his exertions in the cause of agricultural, and, consequently, national improvement; and it behoves us to add, that not a little has been done to advance the same great cause, by Messrs Drummond, seedsmen and agricultural implement makers at Stirling. In 1831, these intelligent and enterprising individuals originated and established an Agricultural Museum and Repository on their premises, which has been of very great use in disseminating (both by exhibition and printed reports) a correct knowledge of all matters connected with the soil, and the means of cultivating it. From this establishment the subsoil plough is furnished to order, and has been sent to all parts of Britain and Ireland, the Continent of Europe, America, and other countries. Latterly, as we have learned, the implement has been made of a lighter fabric than it was originally. The weight of each now varies from 200 to 400 pounds, and the price from L.5, 10s. to L.8, 10s.; and nothing is wanting to render the working of the plough perfect and economical, but the application of steam power which we trust will take place at no distant day.

THE PASS OF COOLEAGH.

[In "Sketches in Ireland" (Dublin, Curry and Co., 1827), the production, we believe, of a distinguished Protestant clergyman, there occurs a remarkable Rockite story, in connection with a description of the Pass of Cooleagh, between the towns of Bantry and Inchigeela, in the extreme south-west of Ireland. Separated from a few traits of party feeling, unsuitable for our columns, this description and story are as follows.]

At Dunemare I parted for a time from Bantry bay, and proceeded on my road towards Inchigeela, in an eastern direction. I rolled rapidly along a capital road; and coasting the river Ouveane, by its northern bank, I came within the gorges of the hills, which now closed me in on every side; and still ascending along the banks of the noisy and sparkling stream, I entered a pretty mountain valley, wherein was a slated cottage, and a pleasant little meadow, the whole surrounded by mountains; and at length

The ascending vale

Long straitened by the mountain here was closed.

The road seemed to have got into what the French call a *cul de sac*, or blind alley, and you seem at a dead stop unless you can say some such talismanic words to the mountain as "open Sesame." But all of a sudden you turn a jutting rock, and enter the singular and stupendous pass of Cooleagh.

This deep and extraordinary chasm, which nature has excavated through these mountains, and which, within these last ten years, has been taken advantage of, in order to make an excellent road between Macroom and Bantry, is really one of the most picturesque things in Ireland. It is well worth a journey to see its rocks and precipices: its cliffs clothed with ivy, and here and there interspersed through the masses of rock, old holly and yew trees, and occasionally an arbutus. And then its strange and sudden windings. You look back, and you cannot find out how you got in—before you, and you cannot imagine how you are to get forward. You might imagine that the spirit of the mountain had got you into his strong-hold, and here you were impounded by everlasting enchantment. Then the surpassing loneliness of the place—

I never

So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soared serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Basked in the sun.

And now I had arrived at one part of the pass where an immense square castellated rock, a keep of nature's own construction, seemed to stop up the road for ever. The sides of this natural fortress were clothed and garnished with ivy, maiden hair, feathery ferns, and London pride; and on the very top of the crag, as if its warder, on the very extreme beetling point, a goat, a high-horned shaggy fellow, stood—and how he stood I could not explain, or scarcely imagine—but there he was in all bearded solemnity. This spot was, not very long ago, a scene of blood and battle. It was the strong-hold of the Rockites, in the winter of the year 1822, when, instigated by dark and curtained men, and

Trusting to the strength of those wild hills,

the peasantry retired hither, as to a strong-hold, where they imagined

That nature for the free and brave prepared
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power—
No might of human tyranny could pierce.

And from hence, as from an insurrectionary centre, they made incursions in search of arms towards Bantry, Macroom, and Dunmanway. After an incursion of this kind, and an attack on a gentleman's house near

Bantry, Lord B—y, and his brother, Captain W—e, of Glengariff, attended by about forty mounted gentlemen, and a party of the 39th foot, commanded by an officer, pursued the insurgents, who retreated before them, and sought the recesses of the mountains that surround the pass. On arriving at the defile, the pursuers halted and held council; the hills were found inaccessible to horsemen, and the officer commanding the military, declared, that unless the heights were scoured by a large body of troops, he would not enter such a man-trap as the Glen; whereupon Lord B—y and his brother, urged on by their contempt of the rebels, and reckless of unascertained danger, persisted in pushing forward, and dashed into the straits, while the cautious officer persisted that his small detachment could only serve to keep the gates of the mountain open, and cover their retreat. The grey of a winter's morning was just opening as the horsemen burst into the pass, and on they pricked at full gallop, as it was his lordship's desire to proceed onwards towards some villages situated on the lakes of Inchigeela, where he hoped to apprehend certain notorious characters, the leaders and promoters of the present insurrection. About half way in the Glen, a scout of Captain Rock lay on a bed of fern, under a cliff, wrapped in that loose frieze coat which Spenser, two hundred years ago, so graphically described as a fit house for an outlaw, and a meet bed for a rebel. This man started up from his lair, pike in hand, and joined the horsemen, supposing that they were some of the *Boys*, that had returned from a marauding expedition. The poor creature, while huzzing for Captain Rock, was cut down, and left there for dead, and the troop moved on through the pass. But other scouts were more on the alert, and the leader of the insurgents was soon informed that there was a party of the military stationed at the western mouth of the pass, and that a large body of horsemen was advancing through it. He who personated on this day the ubiquitous Captain Rock, was not one to overlook or forego the advantages his enemy presented him with. He felt that his foes were within his grasp, for he stood secure that they must re-pass the defile; and he counted on their capture as much as if he had them within the clenching of his fist. No one could tell who this young man was; his bearing, attire, accent, bespoke him much above the common sort, and as not a native of Cork. Be he whom he might, no one presumed to question his power—all seemed as on oath bound to obey, and with a blast of his bugle he summoned in his forces, and called to his side his generals of division, Lieutenants Pat Peep-o'-Day and Sylvester Starlight, and then in a speech, not so round and set as *Livy* or *Tacitus* would record, but in an abrupt, joyous, presumptuous tone, fast and fiery, like a true Milesian Irishman, he announced that Pastorini was a right prophet, and that this day the Virgin and all the powers had put the orangemen and red coats into their hands. "Only, boys, look this once to your cause and your oaths—mind my bidding—he steady but for this morning, and the whole west country is your own; and I promise you all, *boys*, the tap of Lord B—y's cellar. Peep-o'-Day, off with you westward—take sixty of the smartest boys in the whole mountain, and run round the red coats—watch them well—keep them at play as you would a ball on the hoop of your hurl—never come to close quarter—keep behind the rocks and turf-clumps—never fire till sure of your man. Run away as they advance—coax them, if you can, up into the hills—tease them until you see they quit the pass, and pursue you into the mountain—amuse them as a plover would a spaniel on a moor; and when we have houghed all the horsemen, I will come to you and hamstring all the soldiers. Starlight, take you fifty of the stoutest on our roll; each man must carry a spade along with his gun or pike. Go to the Red Deer's Rock—that big stone which overhangs the pass, and from which the fairy buck bounded and cleared the Glen, when Fin M'Cool hunted him for a summer's day, with his good dog Bran. The stone, big as it is, is loose already; I almost shook it the other evening with my shoulder. Twenty men, in ten minutes, will undermine and leave it so, that at command you can kick it down like a foot-ball. Off, Starlight, lose no time; dig away as if you were digging by night for dreamt-of gold. Work for the Virgin and St Patrick, and when the rock is ready to rattle down, clap your Kerry cow's horn to your mouth, and blow me the old whiteboy blast, and then wait quietly until you hear three distinct flourishes of my bugle, and then in the name of all the saints, down with the rock; it will plug up the pass, as this cork stops my dram bottle; and then, my brave boys, these orange oppressors, these pitiless men, who rode roughshod over the country, are in our power. The foxes of Bantry and Glengariff are bagged—we who have been hunted and hallooed at—our blood spilt like water—our necks broken on the gallows—our heads rolling on their scaffolds—we who have borne a century of suffering and shame, shall now be triumphant. Now, now our time is come; we have all the vermin of the country in our power—fox and badger, martens, weasel, and pole-cat—come, boys, we shall have rare sport; we shall be all in at the death, and every man can chuse his game."

Thus spoke Captain Rock, and forward marched Lieutenants Peep-o'-Day and Starlight to their respective positions. Captain Rock disposed his own main body on both sides of the eastern end of the defile, each man effectually secreted and covered by his own grey rock; so that were any traveller to bend his way

through the pass, he would have felt awe-struck, as he went along, at the loneliness of his wayfaring. But not so at the western end of the Glen. There Peep-o'-Day, the moment he was arrived, began his tactics; some of the fleetest and most enterprising of the Boys crept along the brow of the pass, and under shelter of the rocks and heath, came within shot of the military party, fired a volley, and then fled towards the hills. The officer, a cool veteran, whose experience taught him self-possession, who was well seasoned in Guerilla practice during the Peninsular war, saw the hazard of dispersing his small detachment amongst the mountains, and ordered his men to stand to their post, and not attempt pursuit. Again Peep-o'-Day tried his practice, and some of his men came so near as to taunt and scold the red coats from behind the rocks; and here a few of the soldiers, irritated by the insolent forwardness of the whiteboys, started forward in the pursuit, and ascended the mountain, but they had not gone far, when, from amongst the hills and bog-holes, up started the enemy on every side, and a bloody and hand-to-hand contest ensued. Luckily, all effected their escape except one light infantry man, who, more forward than the rest, fell pierced by a hundred pike wounds.

In the mean time, Lord B—y returned from a fruitless search through the villages along the lakes of Inchigeela. He found every house deserted, and water thrown on every hearth, and it was high time to turn homewards, disappointed and weary—with horses blown and jaded, and many lame from want of shoes. They entered slowly, in long and loose array, the eastern opening of the defile. Captain Rock with head and neck protruded from behind a neighbouring cliff, and still protected from observation by an old yew, that waved its palmated foliage around him, hung in deep suspense, watching the entrance of the last Bantry man into the pass—he seemed to fear lest he should lose even one of them—he counted them as a rat-catcher would count the vermin that he was enticing into his cage; and now he crossed himself—he heard the beatings of his own heart like the tick of a death-watch, as he counted the seconds, expecting every moment to hear Starlight's horn announcing that the rock was ready to be uprooted.

The Bantry men had about a mile to pass on, before they came to the point over which the loosening rock impended. At the rate they were proceeding, about ten minutes more would have brought them to it. Rock's hopes, or dashed or realised, hung in suspense on these ten minutes; and still onward the horsemen wound their toilsome march, through the silence of the defile. At this instant an old man of the Mahony's looked down from his covert, and saw Lord B—y and his brother just passing under him. This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name and the consolation of his descending years—active, honest, industrious; but, seduced into the Rock system, their house near Gougan Barry was searched under the provisions of the insurrection act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry, and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was instantly put into execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute: the mother wept her life away, and her grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave; the father joined the rising, and cared not how he died. This bereaved old man saw now, as he thought, the very man in his power who robbed him of all the props of his existence, and in an agony of passion that brooked no restraint, he started up on the grey rock that hitherto concealed him, and holding high in his withered hand a ponderous stone,

His loose coat floated on the wind,

His hoary hair

Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air;

and muttering the curse of him that was made childless, he cast the stone with wonderful energy down on Lord B—y. The stone missed his lordship, but wounded severely his horse, and immediately Captain W—e drew forth his pistol, and with accurate aim, fired at the old assailant, who stood overhead, still foaming forth wrath and curses. The bullet, true to its mark, passed through the streaming hair of the poor impassioned wretch, and closed for ever his sorrows and sufferings. Down he came, tumbling from rock to rock, until he lay along the road, a mortal ruin. The sight was too much for Irishmen to bear; all the prudential commands of Captain Rock were in an instant forgotten: and setting up one universal yell, each man started forth from behind his rock, and the whole glen bristled with pikes and muskets. "Move;—march—away," cried Captain W—e; "a gallop or a grave. Lord B—y, keep ahead: I will bring up the rear. Spur, spur for your lives;—keep moving, and they cannot mark us." Never was advice better given, or more carefully taken. The spur's rowel and the sword's point goaded the horses on, and forward the whole party rushed; and just as Lieutenant Starlight had loosened his rock, just as it was tottering to its fall, just as the horn sounded, the last loyalist passed beneath it and turned the point; and then down it came, a smoking ruin, closing up the pass effectually, too late to bar retreat, but just in time to preclude the enemies' pursuit.

Thus the whole well-contrived military speculation of young Rock was defeated. The Bantry men soon got through the defile; they joined the detachment of the king's troops at the Glen's mouth, and they all retreated unmolested to Bantry.

Some time after, a large body of troops surrounded and scoured the mountains, but no Captain Rock; he had retreated in hopelessness into the fastnesses of Slieveghogher, and it cost the sappers and miners of the king's army many a blast, and many a pound of powder, before they broke up the rock with which Lieutenant Starlight, a minute all too late, closed up the pass of Cooleagh.

WHALING EXPEDITIONS.—MEANS FOR AVERTING THEIR DANGERS.

[The following observations on the present condition of the Northern Whale Fishery, and the means which might advantageously be adopted to avert the continued loss of vessels and sacrifice of human life, are quoted from the Aberdeen Herald newspaper, and are well deserving of public attention.]

THE decay of the Northern Whale Fishery has of late years been so rapid, that many intelligent persons anticipate its speedy annihilation. In 1820, 142 vessels were fitted out in Great Britain; in 1832, the number had decreased to 81; and, last year, only 59 were dispatched to prosecute this branch of industry. Aberdeen, about twenty years ago, sent out annually 14 vessels; we understand that only four will leave this port next season. Nor is this decline at all surprising. The necessity of seeking the fish among the extensive fields of loose ice and icebergs, in Davis' Straits, where, too, storms seem to be of much more frequent occurrence than in the East Greenland seas, has greatly increased the difficulties and dangers of the undertaking. The loss of life and property that has been sustained within the last twenty years, has been so great, and the success, even in the most favourable seasons, so trifling, that there is more matter of astonishment in finding men still willing to risk their capital and lives in such disastrous and profitless expeditions, than in the fact that many vessels have been withdrawn from the stations, and that several companies have given up their connection with the trade altogether. Of 566 ships sent to the North for four years previous to 1817, 8 were lost; although, as is stated by Captain Scoresby, this period was peculiarly free from disaster. In 1819, of 63 ships sent to Davis' Straits, no fewer than 10 were lost; in 1821, out of 79 ships, 11 were lost; in 1822, out of 60 ships, 7 were lost; and in 1830, out of 87 ships, no less than 18 were lost. The dire mishaps of the season before last must still be fresh in the recollection of our readers, and they cannot have forgotten the fact, that six vessels still remain fast bound up in the ice (if, by this time, they are not completely wrecked), notwithstanding the praiseworthy attempts to relieve them, undertaken at the request of humane and benevolent individuals. Nor have the results of the fishing been of such a kind as to tempt the merchant or the shipowner to expose his own property and the lives of his fellow-men to new risks. In 1830, of the 87 ships sent out, 24 returned clean; and of the remainder, only one had a full cargo, one or two being all that were half-fished. Of the vessels that returned in 1835, few were even half-fished, and many of them were clean; and this last season, the returns, although better than was at first anticipated, proved miserable in the extreme. The natural consequence of all this is, a gradual reduction of the number of vessels employed in the fishing, and a seeming disposition on the part of the shipowners to abandon it.

The question naturally occurs, is there no mode of reviving or extending a branch of industry that used to be considered of very great importance, that certainly, at first view, appears calculated to contribute materially to individual and national wealth; and which, there can be no doubt, must aid greatly in promoting the discovery of the unknown arctic regions, and tend to introduce among the native tribes the habits and usages of civilised life? From inquiries made among intelligent individuals who have been long employed in the fishing, and from a careful examination of the merits of a suggestion thrown out by a shipowner in this city, we think we may venture to answer this question in the affirmative. At all events, the hint of our intelligent friend is highly worthy of the consideration of those who have their capital at present unprofitably invested in whale ships.

The plan is simply to establish a settlement of active and enterprising whale fishers on some favourable spot in the vicinity of Davis' Straits, and to employ only so many large vessels as may be necessary to carry out provisions to the colony, and fetch home the oil, blubber, whalebone, and other articles which may be thought worth importing. From all the information that we at present possess, we should think that the most eligible position for the settlement would be at Pond's Bay, or somewhere between that and Lancaster Sound, on the west coast of Baffin's Bay. There are some situations on the north-east shore (Prince Regent's Bay, for example) that might be found suitable; but of late years, the fishers assert that the whales have been most plentiful towards the other shore.

The practicability of carrying such a plan into effect, and the advantages likely to result from it, are the only two points that fall to be noticed here. The testimony of recent travellers, as well as of seamen who have been compelled to winter in the high latitudes, goes to prove the practicability of establishing and maintaining an efficient colony, even as far north as

the place we have pointed out. Captain Ross's remark, that "the temperature of sensation is more relative than is imagined, the body soon contriving to find a new and much lower scale of comfortable or endurable heat," has been completely verified by all who have visited the Polar regions. The attention now paid to the quality of ship provisions, and the improved methods of preserving them, have not only put a stop to the inroads of scurvy, but have tended materially to increase the comfort of those who choose to lengthen their stay in cold countries. In East Greenland, there are several Danish settlements. Holsteinberg, within the arctic circle, is a small town, with a church and a clergyman; and still higher up, at Lively, in Disco Island, the chief Danish governor resides. With an ample store of food and clothing, and materials for constructing houses, there can be no doubt that a colony of hardy whalers would contrive to pass the winter agreeably and in comfort. Nor would they be dependent altogether on the supplies carried with them, or procured from the mother country. The musk ox, the reindeer, the white bear, the hare, and a number of other quadrupeds, would afford them at once sport and a valuable addition to their means of sustenance. Birds, too, and fresh fish of various kinds, would not be wanting to give variety to their repasts; while lobsters, mussels, and other shell-fish, could be had as abundantly as at home. To avoid all risks of famine, it would be proper to have always in the settlement provisions for two years; although it could hardly ever happen that the settlers would be so completely shut up as to be inaccessible during the whole of the summer months.

The advantages of having a numerous body of fishers on the spot, instead of sending them out annually, can easily be made apparent. 1st, There would be a saving of outland capital. For some time past, the ships sent from Great Britain to Davis' Straits may have averaged 100 each year; and we believe we speak within limits when we assert, that the oil and whalebone which they have brought home might easily have been carried by one-fifth of the number. Suppose a permanent colony of 4000 fishers were established at Davis' Straits, and 20 of the 100 vessels employed in the carrying trade, the other 80 vessels might at once be withdrawn, making a saving of out-laid capital to the extent of at least £320,000. In this calculation, we take merely the cost of the ships, as the boats, harpoons, casks, and other apparatus, and the provisions included in the outfit, would all be required in the settlement. 2d, The fishery would have a better chance of being successful. At present it sometimes happens that vessels cannot get into the proper fishing station till the season is so far advanced that they are under the necessity of returning home without lowering their boats, and this difficulty arises not from the want of open sea within the Straits, but from accumulations of ice drifted from the north extremity of Baffin's Bay to the Labrador coast. A settlement of fishers wintering inside would, in most cases, make a good fishing before the British ships had penetrated far up the Straits. Mr Fisher says, "It is particularly deserving of being remarked, that hitherto we have always found the sea clearer of ice near the shore than farther out at sea, which is rather at variance with the opinion of those who suppose the vicinity of land necessary to the formation of ice; but it may be asked, whether the loose floes and patches of ice, with which the sea in these latitudes is almost covered, were not, at the time of their formation, united to the land? May not the reflection of the sun's rays from the mountains tend in a great measure to dissolve the ice near the shore?" The master of a whaler, an intelligent native of this city, who has prosecuted the fishery for upwards of twenty years, confirms this statement, and says that one of the best fishings he ever made was in an open space quite close to the beach.

We have thus briefly alluded to a few of the advantages that would accrue from the proposed settlement. There would, no doubt, be difficulties to overcome, and we make no pretensions to any thing like a competent knowledge of their extent; but still we are of opinion that they are not greater than British ingenuity and British perseverance have often surmounted. That the Northern Fishery will either undergo some change in the mode of its prosecution, or sink into insignificance, must, we should think, be abundantly obvious. If the hints thrown out in the preceding remarks be the means of directing the attention of parties interested to the subject, and of stimulating them to the proposal of some plan for advancing individual and national interests, and the cause of civilisation, they are not altogether lost. Should a settlement be thought advisable, individuals who have frequently visited the country would be able to suggest the alterations required in the operations commonly used in the fishing in consequence of the new mode of procedure. Small craft, strongly built, to work inside of the ice, might be necessary in addition to the common boats, and light vehicles for transporting blubber and other articles across the ice, could easily be invented. For the first year, the fishers and mechanics would do well to go out alone; but after having their dwellings comfortably fitted up, there would be no harm, but much good, in letting their families join them.

In conclusion, we beg to refer such of our readers as wish to ascertain the practicability of the proposed scheme, to Captain Scoresby's excellent work, and the writings of Parry, Fisher, Ross, and the other northern

travellers. They will there find much useful and interesting information, calculated to show them at once the dangers and difficulties of a sojourn in the icy regions, and the possibility of completely overcoming them.

ADAM MACCANDLISH, A RE-APPEARANCE.

WHEN I was a boy, Adam MacCandlish was a student of medicine in the university of my native city, and some years my senior. He was the son of parents in a humble walk of life, who had half-starved themselves to obtain for him the education which should qualify him for his profession. But while he was in the middle of his course, a bad season threw his father so far into arrears with his landlord, that Adam could no longer be maintained at a distance from home. He therefore returned to his native obscurity, and for some years I saw him no more. When next he came under my notice, he had set up in business as a surgeon and druggist in a sea-bathing village. A small house, in the window of which appeared two bottles respectively containing sulphur and Glauber's salts, bore a painted legend upon the door, which told that here lived Dr Candlish—for he had now dismissed the native *Mac*. Contrary to what might have been expected from this symptom of ambition, I found him converted into a toper and idler, content to live at the tables of a few poor patients, and to minister to the amusement of every worthless person who would ask his company to the tavern. He was still, however, so far animated by a desire to advance in the world, that he maintained a tolerable external appearance, and could, in decent society, comport himself as became his profession. It was only unfortunate that the means he deemed the best for improving his fortunes, generally squared too well with his turn for self-indulgence. If the village, for instance, contained a stripling visitor, who was fond of fishing and boating excursions, the doctor was sure to discover that his family possessed some influence in the neighbourhood, and that it was "worth while"—this was a favourite phrase with him—to spend whole days in directing and participating in the young man's amusements. He could have almost made it appear that it was "worth while" to mingle in uproarious drunken parties for the sake of the occasional business of mending broken heads. At last, when his reputation had attained nearly its minimum, he was one night so unlucky as to quarrel in his cups with the village shoemaker, who not only compelled him unmercifully, but occasioned an almost irreparable damage to the last specimen which he possessed of a particular garment—

See what a rent the curious Casca made.

The doctor, when restored to sense, overcome by what remained of shame, put his laboratory into his pocket, and was next day seen passing through a village twenty miles off, with a black eye and the skirts of his coat pinned curiously together; after which he was found no more in the place which he had temporarily honoured with his residence.

Some years afterwards, while sauntering around an elegant public building in a western city, I encountered a man in the guise of a mendicant, whose face struck me as having an expression in which I was somehow or other interested. He was habited, notwithstanding the influence of an unclouded July sun, in a roomy grey greatcoat, such as are worn by foot soldiers; it was a good deal the worse for wear, and stretched over a bulky load of wallets—well stuffed, too—that

—ahint and afore did hing,
In as good order as wallets could be.

Beneath appeared a tattered coat, confined by strings, and so ingrained with meal and dust, that its original hue was lost. He wore boots, ragged, and by much travel grown too large, in one of which a friendly gap admitted a distorted grimy toe to the luxury of fresh air. His nether man was covered—that's not strictly the term—suffice it, there hung about him certain apparel; the weather was hot, and the open air pleasant. One hand wielded a clumsy staff; but he trudged sturdily along, without recourse to it as a support.

We met opposite the principal entrance of the building, and, impressed with the notion of having seen the face before, I turned to gaze after him. He walked on, and, moving lurchingly round a corner of the railed inclosure, entered a side street. Impelled by an overpowering curiosity, I followed hastily, and saw him turn off into the interior of the inclosure, entering by a side gateway which appeared to be little used. When I came up, he had seated himself under a shade, upon a flight of broad steps ascending towards the building. Anxious to ascertain if this could really be any one whom I had known in better circumstances, I did not pass, or turn away, but took a lounging station near the gateway, so as to catch an occasional glimpse of him.

Laying aside his staff, he leisurely adjusted his bundles around him, and next displaced his hat, whence he produced a napkin steaming from its confinement. Having first with this wiped his bluff features, he cautiously unfolded another, in the folds of which successively appeared sundry scraps of fatty meat and bone. From a third he brought forth a collection of musty bits of bread, various in size, kind, and hue—

And scanned them with a fixed and eager look
Of idle computation.

It was a hale robustious face, to which mirth evidently was no stranger, deeply embrowned by sun and weather, and the swarthy cheeks were mantled with the ruddy hue of health. His hair was thick and grizzled, and might belong to between forty and fifty years, though his beard, of some days' growth, would have been held to denote a more advanced age. His whole figure considered, it was hard to guess upon what pretext he could claim an alms, albeit, from the weight of his wallets, the contents of his napkins, and the haleness of his form, it seemed unquestionable that he practised his profession with no inconsiderable share of success.

Having spread his napkins with their contents on his knees, he, with the nice consideration of an epicure, went over each mouldy crust and unctuous morsel, assigning to them respectively their proper place in the collation, and occasionally chucking up a small fragment into his maw, as one puts off a clamorous child with morsels, that it may wait for the commencement of the proper feast. Then commenced the main work of mastication; a process, however unpleasant to look at, not without method. Our mendicant seemed fully alive to the wisdom of the Highland proverb, which recommends that the brown bread should be eaten first. He commenced with the larger and coarser pieces, and, gradually, as hunger became less keen, confined himself to the smaller and more tempting. He ate with the wild heartiness of a genuine child of nature. His eyes showed how intensely he relished what he devoured. Long he sat at his feast; but even a beggar's enjoyments must come to an end. He at length left off, though not till he had eaten the greater part of what he had drawn from his napkins. Having wiped his face in conclusion, and sent a huge fore-finger rummagingly throughout the gulf which served him for a mouth, he took up a moist flabby remnant of boiled mutton, with one pale, shrivelled, mutilated roll, and, consigning them to one of the napkins, put that napkin into his hat, and that hat upon his head; then drawing to his staff, he rose by its help, and shook his voluminous self into proper marching order. I am sorry to mention, that, owing to my want of caution, he now became aware that I had been witness to his meal; I had latterly, indeed, been in some degree fascinated by the scene, so as to direct my eyes somewhat too fixedly upon him. A deepening of the brown of his cheeks betrayed the indignant feeling which for a moment filled his bosom, and next moment, coming up to me, he said, in a tone of sarcastic bitterness, but with no trace of agitation, "Much obliged t'ye, sir, for your pleasant company, and will be glad to see you another day."

He then moved off, and I could hear a slight growl as he went. But the secret was out. The voice had betrayed what age and weather and an unexpected guise would have concealed. It was Adam MacCandlish.

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS IN AMERICA.

[We have been obliged with the following interesting document by a gentleman, who states that it is part of a familiar letter addressed by an eminent official person of Boston, to a friend in Liverpool. In the department of public business to which it refers, it would seem as if we had been reposing in content and security upon modes proper to the middle ages, while our active Transatlantic cousins were producing practical improvements of the greatest possible efficiency and value. Here also we may take a lesson from the other side of the water.]

For juvenile offenders we have three institutions. One, the House of Reformation, is a city institution, and in the charge of the city government. The other two are chiefly independent of the city authorities.

The House of Reformation was established, I think, eight or nine years ago. I have said something of it in my reports. It is for boys and young girls who have committed offences cognisable in our city courts; for example, petty larceny, or acts of filial disobedience and stubbornness, which leave little or no hope of their subjection to rightful discipline at home. No one is received into this house who has not been convicted before our municipal or our police court, for some direct violation of law. Boys are there from ten to fifteen years of age, and girls from twelve to sixteen or seventeen. A very vicious girl of sixteen or seventeen would not be sent there; her sentence would be to the House of Correction—a prison. We do not class the House of Reformation with our prisons—at least this classification is not given to it in our common modes of speaking of it. It is intended to save those who shall be sent to it from the House of Correction, or the state prison. A boy or girl who should be

convicted of an offence which incurs a sentence of the House of Reformation, is not sent there for a defined time. Each one so sent is considered as committed to the charge of the directors of the house, till, by the instruction and discipline received in it, he or she shall be qualified for apprenticeship or service, and can be recommended to a master as worthy of confidence. The children sent there may be in the institution six, or twelve, or eighteen months, or two years. The girls make and mend all the clothes used by the boys, and earn something besides from the house; and the boys, I think, work about five hours a-day, either in making brass nails, picking oakum, or other employments in which they may be useful. I think there are five directors of the house, who are annually appointed by the city council, to whom its entire management is committed; and their report of their doings is annually rendered to the council. There is a superintendent of the house; a teacher, who is also chaplain; a matron; and a female instructress. We have at present an commodious building for this institution, in which we have had only room for about eighty inmates. But a new structure is in progress, which will give ample accommodation for two hundred. The workmen upon this new structure, which is of granite, are the convicts in our House of Correction. Dr Wells was the principal, or superintendent, of this institution. He left it about three years ago, and has opened a school worthy to be regarded as a model school throughout Christendom; of which, in the second place, I must say a few words to you.

The object of Dr Wells's school, and this is the only designation by which it is known, is the moral recovery of boys who need a peculiar moral charge, whose parents are able and willing to pay for this charge of them, and who, without this or some similar interposition for their recovery, would probably be lost. There are with us, with you—and where are they not?—parents whose hearts are well-nigh broken by the dissipated habits, the extravagance, and licentiousness of their sons; yet they cannot enter complaints against these children in a court of law. They therefore pay the debts they have wickedly contracted, and bear as well as they can with the filial disobedience of those to whom they had looked for their highest earthly happiness, and from whom they are receiving their keenest misery. Dr Wells has opened a school for boys of this class; and he has in his school one hundred lads, a considerable number of whom are from distant parts of our far-spread continent. His lads are from twelve to sixteen, and I know not, but seventeen years old, and he has four dollars a-week for the charge of each of them. These have generally been altogether unmanageable children at home. But within the charms of this excellent man's establishment they are as manageable as a school of the best-trained boys. Confined by no bolts or bars, and within about two miles of the city, not one would quit his premises without permission. He plays with them at all games of skill and strength, and sleeps in the midst of them, eats with them, and of the same fare which he gives them; and with a turn of his eye, or a pointing of his finger, exercises as complete an authority as mind can exercise over mind. These lads are under his charge till he can return them to their parents entirely disposed and prepared to be good children. A good intellectual education is given them; but this is held to be a matter of secondary consideration. The great end of the school is moral culture; the establishment of right dispositions, principles, and habits, and this great end is attained. It is, indeed, a glorious institution. Do you ask, where we may find a Dr Wells for such a school? I answer, in every place where such an instrument is wanted. But to obtain, you must want him. Moral demand will obtain moral supply, equally as demand obtains supply of the common blessings for which we depend upon one another. Resolve that you will not rest till you shall find your proper instrument for any work, and maintain your resolution, and put forth all your energies in the cause, and God will give you what you ask. I am sorry that there is no published account of this school.

3d, We have a farm school. This school is upon an island, about five miles from the city, and had its origin in an exposition which I gave of the moral condition of children in our city, in, I think, my eighth report. There are many children between the ages of eight or nine, and thirteen or fourteen, whose exposures to moral evil are very great; who are disobedient to parents; who cannot be kept at school; who are profane and false; whose parents cannot control them; and who, if left under the exposures in which we find them, will probably soon become criminals. This is the class for whom the farm school is intended. Our island contains a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty acres of excellent land; and we have a building upon it, in which we can take the charge of two hundred boys. We have a superintendent, who is at once an excellent agriculturist, horticulturist,

and disciplinarian; a teacher, who is also chaplain; a matron; and such assistants as we need. Our funds, besides our island and its fixtures, are, I think, about 40,000 dollars, and a hundred boys are now in the school. The institution is in the charge of a board of twelve directors. We have not had occasion to seek for subjects for our care. Parents come to us to beg that we will receive their children. Yet the most careful investigation is made of every case; and no one is admitted, except on evidence which would satisfy any jury that the case demands the moral interposition which is sought. A parent, who shall pay 1 dollar 50 cents, or 6s. 9d. sterling a-week, for the charge of his child, has the right at a suitable time to withdraw the child from the institution for apprenticeship. But if a child be received by us gratuitously, the parent relinquishes all right and power in regard to him, till the boy is of age. In this school are taught all the branches which are taught in the free schools in the city; and all boys old enough for any service upon the farm, are employed in some kind of work upon it four or five hours every day. To work upon the farm is a privilege allowed only to the boys who are obviously striving for improvement. The discipline is entirely parental. We intend to make our farm our garden; it is already rich in its great variety of vegetables. We shall also breed silk-worms, and shall this spring plant ten thousand Chinese mulberry-trees; no boy, except under peculiar circumstances, will leave our school till we can give him a certificate of our confidence in his good dispositions and principles; and every boy given up to us will be apprenticed to some mechanical business in the country, and we expect that we shall retain with us a number sufficient to supersede the necessity of having more than perhaps two hired labourers. We intend to make this a self-supporting institution, and have no doubt that we shall accomplish our object.

This is a poor outline of these establishments, but the best it is at present in my power to give you. I must tell you also that our city government has been induced, not indeed by an ordinance, but availing itself of its general powers, to appoint four officers—one for each quarter of the city—whose duty it is to seek out, and report to the mayor, the name, residence, and character, &c. of every vagrant or bad boy, or young girl, who does not go to school; and who, if left neglected, will probably be lost. This appointment I consider a great gain. Prosecutions of these children will be instituted by these officers, in cases where the laws are obviously and grossly violated by them. But we shall otherwise provide for as many of these as possible, by putting them into schools, or into shops or families, or by sending them into the country.

HERRICK'S POETRY.

ROBERT HERRICK, born in London in 1591, and who died after the Restoration vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire, is one of the poets of the reign of Charles I., who were so completely overlooked by public taste during the last century, and are now come into so much new notoriety. He was the author of a great number of short poems, chiefly of a lyrical kind, and many of which are characterised by grossness both in thought and language. But when attention is confined to about a hundred of his pieces, which have been published separately, he appears fully entitled to the praise lately bestowed upon him, as "the very best of English Lyric Poets." That, indeed, the works of this charming writer should have been condemned to oblivion so long, is one of the severest things that can be said respecting the poetical taste of the school of Dryden, Pope, and their followers. In the language not more eloquent than just of the writer just quoted, "Herrick 'is the most joyous and gladsome of bards; singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as summer, and as ripe as autumn. We know of no English poet who is so completely abandoned,' as the French term it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings, who is so much heart and soul in what he writes. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the Epicurean; sometimes breathing forth strains soft as the sigh of 'buried love'; and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow full of kingcups and wild flowers, or a July firmament sparkling with a myriad of stars. His fancy fed upon the fair and sweet things of nature; it is redolent of roses and jessamine; it is as light and airy as the thistle down, or the bubbles which laughing boys blow into the air, where they float in a waving line of beauty. Like the sun, it communicates a delightful gladness to every thing it shines upon, and is as bright and radiant as his beams; and yet many of his pieces conclude with the softest touches of sensibility and feeling. Indeed it is that delicate pathos—at the same time, natural and almost playful—which most charms us in the writings of Herrick. And as for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility."

* Sir Egerton Brydges in the Retrospective Review.

As the works of this poet are far from common in any shape, we shall present a few specimens of them:—

TO PRIMROSES,

Filled with morning dew.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mows a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.
Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep;
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shewn
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress,
[A happy kind of carelessness:]
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Intrahs the crimson stomacher;
A cuff negligent, and thereby
Ribbands that flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO CORINNA,

To go a-Maying.

Get up, get up, for shame! the blushing morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours thro' the air;
Up, up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-besopied herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you're not dress'd!
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their grateful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When thousand virgins, on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearl unwept:
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-larks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth; nay, then be brief in praying,
Few beads are best, when we do go a-Maying.—
Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lie down'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which, I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Has set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchill'd, unkind.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar,
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that lie
There plac'd by Thee.
The worts, the parsnip, and the moss
Of water cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved best,
To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st at my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st the wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That sows my land;
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me, for this end;
That I should render for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fir'd with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

ALDERNEY AND SERK.

THOUGH the group of the Channel Islands lies much nearer to France than England, the latter country, from prudential motives, has always looked upon its possession of them as important and necessary, seeing that these isles, if held and employed as military stations by a hostile power, might deeply affect the welfare of the Channel commerce. Thus, apart from their intrinsic value and magnitude, these islands must always possess a considerable degree of interest to Britain. Jersey and Guernsey, the largest of the group, are in general well known; the two, however, which approach nearest to them in size, Alderney and Serk, have received less attention, and a brief notice of the most remarkable points regarding them may be interesting.

Alderney lies near the coast of Normandy, within seven miles of Cape la Hague, and is nearly eight miles in circumference. The Channel Islands lie along the eastern coast of the Bay of St Malo; Alderney being the northernmost, and Guernsey, Serk, and Jersey, stretching to the south in the order here laid down. Alderney is exceedingly difficult of access, being composed of high land, surrounded on almost every point of the coast by rugged and lofty cliffs. The entrance, besides, to the harbour of St Anne, the only aggregation of houses in the place, is rendered very dangerous by a bar of shoals, constituting the dreaded *swinge* of Alderney. Indeed, the whole strait between the isle and France is insecure, and is called the *Race*. In stormy weather it is impossible for boat or cutter to traverse this point, and visitors are often detained on these occasions for weeks in the island. The harbour itself is very unsafe, the agitation of the sea within it being usually so great that the smallest boats require to be strongly attached to the pier, otherwise they would be very insecure. No vessels above forty or fifty tons burden ever enter the port of St Anne's, and, fortunately, the business of the place is such as to be managed well enough by boats. The town of St Anne contains nearly the whole population of the island, amounting to about twelve hundred souls. It is customary for the agricultural part of the community, as well as the commercial portion, to reside in it; and hence the place resembles rather a collection of farm-houses than a town. The jurisdiction of Alderney is carried on by a governor and one or two officials, though all criminal causes are decided in the courts of Guernsey, of which the other island is a dependence. St Anne can boast of very few good houses, and these are all of them the residences of the king's officers, or, it may be, of the minister or surgeon. The town has a very deserted look, and this may well be, seeing that so many of its inhabitants do really leave it during the day for their labours in the fields. At one time the farmers of Alderney profited highly by their celebrated breed of milk cows, but long since the British islands have been supplied with the breed sufficiently to render any reference to the original source unnecessary. The cows are small, but produce an immense quantity of milk; and fourteen pounds of butter per week is not uncommon from one animal.

Though the town of St Anne, from the circumstances we have mentioned, is by far the most important point in the island, what may be called the country presents many objects worthy of attention. "The appearance," says Mr Inglis, "of the cultivated part of the island, is singular, owing to the minute properties, and the odd way in which the proprietors have sown their crops. It is all laid out in narrow stripes of different sorts of grain, and in lucerne, potatoes, clover, tares, &c. These lie in all different directions, straight across and transversely; and to so great an extent has the division of property extended, that, in looking at a proprietor ploughing his stripe, it is difficult to see how he will find room to turn his plough on his own land. The plough which I saw at work were small wheel-ploughs, worked by three horses and two men. The total absence of farm-houses and cottages, and the total absence of trees or plantations of any kind, give to the island a bare aspect. Still, under a bright sun, there is beauty every where; and the spangled grass, and fern hedges, covered with their bright and fragrant blossoms, and the song of innumerable larks, and the pretty cows tethered among their clover, were sufficient for any traveller, unless for the churl who can wallow from Dan to Bersheba, and say, 'all is barren.'"

The crops of all kinds grown in Alderney are excellent; and in all probability enough of wheat, &c. will in a few years be raised to permit of the farmers exporting some of their grain produce, since a great

part of the island has been only of late put under cultivation. Formerly the part in question was only an open common. The most remarkable point, perhaps, about the husbandry of Alderney, is the means adopted for manuring the land. The substance employed as manure is a fresh sea-weed, termed *vraic*; and the gathering of this is one of the most important periods in the island. On the evening before the gathering begins, the church-bell rings at the hour of six; and it is the signal for the assembling in the churchyard of all the land-owners. Here the momentous question, whether all are ready to begin the *vraic* gathering, is discussed with due solemnity. This is done in order to secure the equal enjoyment of what is regarded as a valuable privilege; and if any one can present a sufficient cause for his not being ready, the operations are delayed. If all are prepared, next morning the great bay fronting the south is crowded with the islanders, waiting till the tide should leave their prize within reach.

It may seem strange to say of any portion of the British dominions, that reading is unknown: such, however, is the case in Alderney. Few books, much less any public collection, are to be found in the island. We cannot wonder, under such circumstances, that smuggling should be regarded as no vice; but we may wonder, that, among all the projects for spreading religious and useful knowledge, the Channel Islands should be left utterly disregarded.

If the island which we have just described is difficult of access, *Serk*, which lies between Guernsey and Jersey, and is about two miles long by two broad, is a great deal more inaccessible. The flat country in it is more elevated, and presents at every point of the coast a face of rock, nearly perpendicular, and several hundred feet in height; so that if the island is approached at any point, excepting one to which we shall presently allude more particularly, it is a dangerous task to attempt the ascent to the level land. Mr Inglis thus describes his own visit to the coast of *Serk*:—"It was a fine July morning, and with a stiff breeze, that my little boat ran under the rocks of *Serk*; and I confess that I was not a little puzzled to understand where the boatman intended to land me; for, every where round the creek, or little cove, into which we had run, I could see only perpendicular rocks. However, by the boatman laying aside his oars, and demanding his fare, I concluded that the voyage had ended; though I could not understand how my pilot intended to dispose of me. 'That is the way,' said he, in his broken dialect, pointing upward; and upon casting my eyes in the direction of which he spoke, I perceived a rope's end dangling upon the rock, and within arm's length of me; and accordingly, concluding this to be the legitimate entrance to the island, I paid my fare—seized the rope—and finding resting-places for the tiptoe, and sometimes for the sole of my foot, reached by these various helps a ledge about thirty feet above the water. From this spot the ascent was somewhat easier, and, after a toilsome but interesting scramble of between two and three hundred feet, I found myself on the table land of *Serk*, with a fine and apparently level extent before me, of cultivated land, and abundant vegetation.

It must not, however, be imagined that there is no other way of gaining the table land of *Serk*, unless by the precipitous and somewhat dangerous path by which I made my entrance. *Serk* possesses a harbour, though the very least, and most curious, and most picturesque, that can well be imagined; but this little harbour lying on the other side of the island, boatmen from Guernsey, whence I came, prefer making their passengers swing up the rock, to the inconvenience of a longer voyage. This little harbour, called the *Creux*, is the only accessible part of the island—accessible, however, in a singular way; for when one steps on shore from the harbour, he is still outside of *Serk*. You have still to pass through a tunnel, about twenty yards in length, beneath the solid rock; and on emerging from it, a winding path, up a narrow valley, leads to the table land."

The elevation, thus difficult to gain, is well calculated to reward the labour it costs the visitor. Though apparently one continuous level, on further inspection the country is found to be intersected by valleys of great beauty, watered by rivulets that find their way to the sea by passes and hollows inaccessible to the foot of man. Unlike Alderney, *Serk* is wooded in many places, and thickly studded with cottages and farmsteadings, the habitations of the agricultural population. Singing birds are particularly abundant; and from the great quantity of honeysuckle, woodbine, and heath-flowers, the air is filled at once with fragrance and melody. The land is well cultivated, and the cattle are seen straying in every direction in the enclosures. The abruptness of the cliffs which overhang the valleys, gives a character of mingled beauty to the scene, blending all that is grand in nature with the more peaceful charms that result from the hand and presence of man.

The land of *Serk* is divided into forty copyhold possessions, and these forty tenants hold of the proprietor, or seigneur of the island, W. Le Pelley, Esq. The seigneur and his forty tenants constitute a council which have the government of *Serk*, as far as regards local enactments. Guernsey has the jurisdiction of *Serk*, as far as respects civil, military, and ecclesiastical matters, but the council of forty are essentially the rulers. By a curious law, the freeholds cannot be divided; and a man may sell all, but cannot sell a

part; and thus there can never be more or less than forty possessors. Perhaps this may have tended to check the increase of population, which amounts only to six hundred; while the island, it is certain, could sustain more. From the permanent nature of the farm-tenures, the farms are, as might be expected, in high condition, and the houses good and substantial.

The *Serkmen* are greatly attached to fishing, many of the farmers and all the remaining inhabitants pursuing this occupation unceasingly. With a boat-load (the boat often of his own building) of potatoes or shell-fish, these islanders will frequently adventure to the coasts of France or England. A good return is frequently obtained; and it may be safely said that the people of *Serk* live more plentifully than any of their neighbours in the Channel. They are more active too at home, and few of them cannot, in a strait, turn their hands to masonry and carpentry, as well as other more intricate trades. From the partiality of the men for the sea, a good deal of the out-of-door work is thrown upon the women, who are a strong, sunburnt race. The islanders, generally speaking, are moral and religious, their spiritual affairs being under the charge of a perpetual curate. There is a well-attended school on the island, which is a blessing which the people of Alderney do not appear to enjoy.

Before closing this brief account of *Serk*, we ought to notice a remarkable pass which divides the island into Great and Little *Serk*. Little *Serk* is a portion of table land amounting to about one-eighth of the island, and in going to it from Great *Serk*, "you have to pass (says Mr Inglis) along a narrow isthmus—nearly two hundred yards long, and four or five feet broad, with precipices on either side, of about three hundred feet down to the sea. On one side the descent is perpendicular; on the other, so precipitous that one would be more rash than bold in attempting a descent. The connecting ridge is a solid rock. At one time this pass was more dangerous than it now is. In 1811, a small part of the ridge was detached, and fell; but before this, the width was not more than two feet. It is related that an individual who resided in Little *Serk* was accustomed very frequently to visit the other part of the island, and being of social habits he often returned home well advanced in inebriety. Conscious of the dangers of his path, he used, before attempting the pass, to test his steadiness by walking along an old cannon that lay on the Great *Serk* side. If he could not walk backwards and forwards upon the cannon, he ventured not upon the pass, but quietly lay down until his steadiness so far returned as to carry him through the test."

Both Alderney and *Serk* enjoy an excellent climate, and on that account a few residents, chiefly retired officers, have fixed their abode in these islands. But the luxuries of life are too scarce to render the small Channel isles ever the chosen abode of the wealthy.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

[The following passage in the *Economy of Health*, by Dr James Johnson, is striking, and, though quaint in manner, probably true in philosophy. It has often appeared to us, accustomed to the more moderate system generally pursued in Scotland, that the English ladies make music too much an exclusive study. They are not satisfied without a professional degree of excellence, which is not only absurd upon rational grounds, but, what is far worse, contrary to the spirit of the rules which govern fashionable life. To be tolerably accomplished in that, or any other matter of skill, usually left to professional hands, seems as much as a lady or gentleman ought to be, consistently with the character of a lady or gentleman.]

FEMALE education is more detrimental to health and happiness than that of the male. Its grasp, its aim, is at accomplishments rather than acquirements—at gilding rather than at gold—at such ornaments as may dazzle by their lustre, and consume themselves, in a few years, by the intensity of their own brightness, rather than those which radiate a steady light till the lamp of life is extinguished. They are most properly termed *accomplishments*; because they are designed to *accomplish* a certain object—MARRIAGE. That end, or rather beginning obtained, they are about as useful to their owner as a rudder is to a sheer hulk, moored head and stern in Portsmouth harbour—the lease of a house after the term has expired—or a pair of wooden shoes during a paroxysm of gout. The mania for music injures the health, and even curtails the life of thousands and tens of thousands, annually, of the fair sex, by the sedentary habits which it engenders. The story of the Syrens is no fable. It is verified to the letter!

Their song is death, and makes destruction please.

Visit the ball-room and the bazaar, the park and the concert, the theatre and the temple—among the myriads of young and beautiful, whom you see dancing or dressing, driving or chanting, laughing or praying—you will not find one—no, not ONE—in the enjoyment of health! No wonder, then, that the doctors, the dentists, and the druggists, multiply almost as rapidly as the pianos, the harps, and the guitars! The length of time occupied by music renders it morally impossible to dedicate sufficient attention to the health of the body or the cultivation of the mind. The consequence is, that the corporeal functions languish and become impaired—a condition which is fearfully augmented by the peculiar effect which music has upon the nervous system. It will not be denied that every profession, avocation, or pursuit, modifies, in some degree, the moral and physical temperament of the individual. No art or science that was ever invented by human ingenuity exerts so powerful an influence on the mind and body as music. It is the galvanic fluid of harmony, which vibrates on the tympanum—electrifies the soul, and thrills through every nerve in the body. It is impossible that so potent an excitant can be daily applied, for many hours, to the sensitive system of female youth,

without producing extraordinary effects. It is impossible. If music have the power

To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak,

is it not likely to subjugate the imagination and shatter the nerves? All pungent stimuli produce inordinate excitement, followed, in the end, by a train of evils. Every thing that merely delights the senses, without improving the understanding, must come under the head of sensual gratifications, which tend, by their very nature, to excess. Music, likewise, exhilarates in small quantities, but intoxicates in large. The indulgence of either, beyond the limits of moderation, is dangerous. It is fortunate perhaps, that, in the majority of young females, chained to the piano, like the galley-slave to the oar, the vibrations of music fall inert, and the "concord of sweet sounds" flows from their tongues and their fingers as mechanically as from the rotations of the hurdygurdy, or the wires of the musical snuff-box. They only lose their time, and a certain portion of health from the want of exercise. They form the aristocracy of the "FACTORY GIRLS," who have been so fortunate as to get their "Ten Hours" Bill reduced to six or eight. But there is a considerable portion of these "factory girls" whose organisation is more delicate, and whose susceptibilities are more acute. To these, the present inordinate study and practice of music (for it is inordinate) is injurious in a variety of ways, by deranging a variety of functions. The nature and extent of these injuries are not generally known, even to the faculty, and cannot be detailed here. But one effect of immense importance will not be denied—namely, the length of time absorbed in music, and the consequent deficiency of time for the acquisition of useful knowledge in the system of female education.

THE BOAST OF KNOWLEDGE.

The folly of attempting to teach children knowledge, by causing them to learn answers to set questions, according to the plan pursued in a variety of catechisms, is very properly exposed in the following extract from an entertaining little work, called the "Divisions of Holy-cot":—

Maurice Clement was at this time on a visit to Holy-cot. He had been at many different schools, and was lately sent to that which George Herbert attended. He was sure that he must know a great deal more than the Holy-cot children; for he was thirteen, and had been at fashionable schools, and much in London. His young cousins were very desirous to amuse and please him while he staid with them, but they had not yet succeeded.

"Come and look at Bewick's Birds Mr Dodsley has lent us," said Charles; "or George will play at chess with you, I am sure; or if you would look at our series of kings and queens, or dissected maps."

"I don't care for baby amusements," said Maurice. "But Mr Dodsley says any thing is better than listlessness," said Sophia.

"I am not listless, cousin Sophia, only I have done my theme, and have nothing to do more to-night."

"Has Maurice nothing to learn, nothing to teach, nothing to amuse himself or his friends with?" asked Mrs Herbert.

"No, ma'am; I have done my theme, and I have read every book, and looked at every picture, and know every thing in this room."

"It is not large, to be sure," said Mrs Herbert; "just twenty feet by sixteen. But how many wonders do these four walls enclose, my dear Maurice!"

The drawing-room, play-room, and general sitting-room of the family, though not spacious, contained many useful, and a few ornamental and curious things. There was a cabinet with books belonging to the children, and another with books of their mother's. There was also a small cabinet of natural history. There were globes, a few books of prints, some plaster casts, a few plants, Sophia's piano-forte, and a time-piece on the chimney-shelf, with some foreign curiosities; there was also a prism and a microscope. It was a light, pleasant room, looking over the orchard-trees, and across the meadows to the village-church rising behind a wooded hill.

"And you know every thing within the room, Maurice!" said Mrs Herbert.

Maurice looked rather sheepish. "I assure you, mamma, Maurice knows a very great deal from his catechism. He knows about the barometer and what thunder is, and how the people of England are governed, and a hundred things. But pray, Maurice," added George, "tell us what thunder is?"

"The explosion of lightning, just like the report of a cannon, with the echoes between the clouds and the earth."

"And the barometer?" inquired Mrs Herbert. "An instrument for ascertaining the weight of the atmosphere in inches of mercury."

"But how?" cried Charles. "I would like to know what does the weight of the atmosphere mean?"

"I am sure, ma'am," said Maurice, appealing to his aunt, "I have given the right answer. I have repeated it to my father a hundred times."

"I trust Mr Clement was instructed, though we are not," said George, in a tone which drew on him his mother's glance; but ere that reproving glance fell, he had said, "Favour us now, Maurice, with an account of the manner in which the people of England are governed."

"By laws made and powers enacted by the legislature," said Maurice, looking round in triumph. Sophia gazed, Charles stared, and George smiled outright.

"So I suppose there is nothing in this room, indeed, that you don't know, Maurice?"

"I think not, George."

"Suppose you tell Sophia," said Mrs Herbert, "why the lid of that tea-urn James has just now placed on the table is forced up and shaken; why the smoke comes hissing up from it?"

"It is quite simple that, aunt—just steam or vapour."

"True; but there is no steam in the water of the pump with which the urn is filled."

"It is the boiling; the heat, ma'am, I suppose, makes it."

"Answered like a catechism," said Mrs Herbert; "but

still, how, in what manner, by what sort of strange process, does heat convert pump-water into vapour?"

Maurice looked rather disconcerted. "This, then, is one thing within this small room which you do not yet know, Maurice. Think you, are there no more wonders around you?"

"I daresay not, ma'am," replied Maurice, looking cautiously round. "I am pretty sure I know all besides."

"Ah! don't you be too sure, cousin," said Charles, with good-natured earnestness. "Then, tell us, Maurice, why the wind is whistling in passing through the key-hole of that closet-door. You do not know. This little room contains wonders, the result of powers and principles in nature and in art, that to describe would fill volumes, my dear nephew. Can you tell us how this piece of honeycomb on the table is formed? Why the quicksilver mounts and falls in yonder weather-glass? Why or how the fagots James has placed on the fire crackle so? Why or how that fly crawls along the wall; and how yonder other fly can creep, back downwards, along the ceiling up there?"

"No, am't," said Maurice, rather ashamed of his boast of universal knowledge.

"Would you be astonished to learn that the self-same cause, which makes the wind whistle through the key-hole, enables that fly to creep along on the ceiling, forces up the lid of my urn and of Sally's pot, sets in motion some of the steam-engines you have seen at work, and performs far more amazing, and indeed real wonders, than I can enumerate."

"We must read and learn, mamma," said Charles;

"where may we read of this?"

"There are some things we must see to understand, Charles, at least to understand clearly. Perhaps you are too young this year to comprehend all this; but if a week hence you still wish to try, tell me, and I shall request Mr Dodsley to be so kind as to show you some instructive experiments."

EGG TRADE IN IRELAND.

THE trade in eggs, the value of which for export, according to Mr Williams, in 1832, amounted to £500 a-day, paid by England to Ireland, is carried on with considerable vivacity at Lanesborough (county of Roscommon), and also at Tarnonbarry. The eggs are collected from the cottages for several miles around by runners, commonly boys from nine years old and upwards, each of whom has a regular beat which he goes over daily, bearing back the produce of his toil carefully stored in a small hand-basket. I have frequently met with these boys on their rounds; and the caution necessary for bringing in their brittle ware with safety, seemed to have communicated an air of business and steadiness to their manner, unusual to the ordinary volatile habits of children in Ireland. I recollect one little barefooted fellow, explaining, that he travelled daily about twelve Irish miles; his allowance, or rather his gain, was 1s. upon every six score of eggs brought in, the risk of purchase and carriage resting entirely on himself. The prices vary from time to time at different periods of the year; but they are never changed without previous notice to the runners. In the height of the season, the prices at Lanesborough were from 2s. 6d. to 4s. per 120; but towards the winter they rise to 5s. The eggs are packed in layers with straw, in such crates as are commonly used for the conveyance of earthenware. Each crate will hold about 84 hundred of six score, that is 10,080, the first cost being from 1s. 10d. to 1s. 16d. per crate. These are sent forward on speculation to Dublin, or occasionally at once to the English market, and a profit of £4 or £5 per crate is considered a fair remuneration. Sometimes it is more, and sometimes less; and there is risk in the trade. From Lanesborough the crates are sent overland to Killashee, the nearest place on the line of the Royal Canal, and forwarded by the fly trading-boats to Dublin. At Tarnonbarry I saw several cars coming in laden with crates of eggs, from the neighbouring districts on each side of the river. The dealers at Lanesborough, with whom I conversed whilst in the act of packing their crates, seemed quite surprised at my question, whether they ever used any artificial means of preserving the eggs, and could scarcely credit the account I gave them, of the possibility of preserving their freshness for a considerable time, by simply anointing them with any unctuous substance, such as butter or lard. But in this process the whole of the egg must be carefully covered, and it should be done soon after the egg is laid.—*Wells's Survey of the County of Roscommon.*

HALF OF THE PROFIT.

A NOBLEMAN, resident at a chateau near Paris, was about to celebrate his marriage-feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. "One hundred laches," said the fisherman, "on my bare back is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain." The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty laches had been administered, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share." "What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly." "You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my tur-

bot." "Oh, oh!" said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

A CURIOUS WILL.

The following curious will, by which a large fortune was bequeathed, was proved in Doctors' Commons, in the year 1737:—

The fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And of body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother,
Because I foresaw,
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not care,
Would come in for their share,
Which I nowise intended
Till their manners are mended,
And of that, God knows, there's no sign;
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
Of which, witness my hand,
That I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother,
JOHN HADGERS.

FIRST EUROPEAN STEAM-BOAT.

The first steam-boat that made regular voyages in Europe, was the Comet, a small vessel, containing an engine of only three horse power, the property of Henry Bell, of Helensburgh. It was set afloat on the Clyde in 1812, four years after Fulton had launched a similar vessel on the Hudson in North America, and twenty-four years subsequent to the experiments of Taylor and Miller on Balwinwater Lake. The Glasgow Courier newspaper has reprinted the following curious document, being apparently Mr Bell's first advertisement:—

"Steam passage-boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, for passengers only.
The subscriber having, at much expense, fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air, and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, about mid-day, or at such hour thereafter as may answer the state of the tide; and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the morning, to suit the tide.—The clearance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel, require only to be proved, to meet the approbation of the public, and the proprietor is determined to do every thing in his power to merit public encouragement.—The terms are, for the present, fixed at 4s. for the best cabin, and 3s. the second—but beyond these rates, nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel.—The subscriber continues his establishment at Helensburgh Baths, the same as for years past, and a vessel will be in readiness to convey passengers in the Comet from Greenock to Helensburgh.—Passengers by the Comet will receive information of the hours of sailing, by applying at Mr Houston's Office, or at Mr Thomas Blackney's, East Quay Head, Greenock.
Helensburgh Baths, 5th August 1812." HENRY BELL.

STRANGE MODE OF BUILDING.

Temple, in his *Excursions in the Mediterranean*, gives the following curious account of the mode of building at Tunis, on the African coast:—"On speaking to the architect and engineers, and asking them to show me their plans, they at first did not seem to understand what a plan was: when it was explained to them, they declared they had nothing of the sort, and that, in fact, the Moors never made any previous to commencing a building; but that they built by the eye a certain length of wall, and that when this had been sufficiently prolonged, another was built at right angles to it, and so on. What is still more remarkable, their arches are also constructed entirely by the eye, and have no frame-work to support them during the process; which is as follows:—A brick, presenting its broad surface to view, is placed with its edge on the buttress, where is to commence the spring of the arch; another is made to adhere to it by means of a very strong cement made of a gypsum peculiar to the vicinity of Tunis, which instantly hardens; on this brick is placed another in the same manner, and thus they proceed till the arch is completed. I saw a vault myself thus made in less than an hour and a half. These arches and vaults, when finished, are very graceful and correct in their proportions, and nothing can equal their strength and solidity. In building walls, an oblong frame about seven feet long, and as broad as the wall is intended to be, is placed on the foundations, and then filled with mortar and pieces of stone; in a few minutes the frame is removed, and placed in continuation of the line. This method appears to have been adopted in the construction of Carthage."

THE SPEAKER'S MACE.

There are certain old forms of proceeding connected with our legislative assemblies, which it may be presumed that very few but those connected with the details of parliamentary business have any notion of. Many persons, for instance, may have seen, while standing in the lobby of the House of Commons, Mr Speaker in his robes, preceded by a tall gentleman with a bag wig and a sword by his side, carrying on his shoulder a heavy gilt club, surmounted by a crown—in short, a mace; but few people are cognisant how important this article is to the legislative duties of their representatives. Be it known, then, that without it the House of Commons does not exist; and that it is as essential that the mace should be present at the deliberations of our senate, as that Mr Speaker should be there himself: without a Speaker the house never proceeds to business, and without his mace Mr Speaker cannot take the chair. At the commencement of a session, and before the election of a Speaker, this valuable emblem of the clerk of the table pre-rides during the election; but no sooner is the Speaker elected, than it is drawn from its hiding place, and deposited on the table, where it ever after remains during the sitting of the house: at its rising, Mr Speaker carries it away with him, and never trusts it out of his keeping. This important question of the Speaker's duty in retaining constant possession of this, which may be called his gilt walking-stick, was most gravely decided in the year 1763, as appears by the Journals of the House of Commons. On that occasion, Sir John Cust, the Speaker, being taken ill, sent to tell the house by the clerk at the table, that he could not take the chair. It appears that there was considerable discussion, whether the mace ought not to have been in the house when this important communication was made. No one, however, presumed to say that it ought to have been on the table;

but many maintained that it ought, for the dignity of the house, to be underneath it. It was decided, however, that Mr Speaker had done quite right not to part with the mace; and the house accordingly, as the Journals inform us, "adjourned themselves without the mace." For a member to cross between the chair and the mace, when it is taken from the table by the sergeant-at-arms, is an offence which it is the Speaker's duty to reprimand. If, however, a prisoner is brought to the bar to give evidence or receive judgment, he is attended by the sergeant-at-arms with the mace on his shoulder; and however desirous any member may be to ask the prisoner a question, he cannot do so because the mace is not on the table; he must therefore write down his questions before the prisoner appears, and propose them through the Speaker, who is the only person allowed to speak when his mace is away. If the house resolve itself into a committee, the mace is thrust under the table, and Mr Speaker leaves his chair. In short, much of the deliberative proceedings of this branch of the legislature are regulated by the position in which this important piece of furniture is placed. To use the words of the learned Hatsell, "When the mace lies upon the table, it is a house; when under, it is a committee. When the mace is out of the house, no business can be done; when from the table, and upon the sergeant's shoulder, the Speaker alone manages." The mace then may be called the household god of the House of Commons; without the presence of which, good fortune could hardly attend its deliberations; all honour to it!—*Book of Table Talk.*

CURIOUS FACT CONNECTED WITH THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

A very singular and inexplicable instinct has been ascribed to the salmon, but which has been doubted and disputed by many, even of those who have turned their attention to the subject. The fact to which we allude is, the propensity of salmon to return to the identical rivers wherein they were spawned. This has now been established beyond the possibility of doubt. In the report of our townsman, Mr Robert Dult, superintendent of the river Tay, under the act for the protection of the breed of salmon, given in to the meeting of heritors in October last, he noticed a curious experiment which had been made last breeding season in certain small fishing rivers in Sutherlandshire. These streams disembody into Loch Shin, and no salmon were ever known to have existed in their waters before; but as they seemed to be well adapted for breeding this species of fish, the Duke of Sutherland, the proprietor of these rivers, resolved to have them planted with salmon. Accordingly, several pairs were carried from other rivers to which they were indigenous, and placed in these during the breeding season, and there they deposited their spawn. The result was awaited with considerable interest, as calculated to set at rest the disputed question. It appears by a letter Mr Dult has just received from his correspondent there, that the experiment has been successful. The subject is no doubt of great interest to those concerned with the fisheries, and those who are inquisitive in this department of natural history. The letter states:—"Our last year's planting of salmon has returned to the same rivers this year. In the commencement of close-time we carried salmon to one of the rivers where we put them last year, and left two of these rivers without putting any into them, to ascertain whether the salmon in reality did or did not return to the rivers where they were spawned; and, at the usual time of spawning, we found a few pairs in each of these rivers, where never a salmon was seen before the fish were put into them last year, so that we can have no doubt of every river having its own breed of salmon, and that they will return to their own rivers, unless interrupted by their passage, or encouraged into other rivers by an unusual quantity of water. I would never believe in this doctrine until I had the experience of it from the different sizes we have in the many rivers in the north. I have studied all this with great care, and I may say now, I am a complete disciple to these habits of the salmon."—*Perth Constitutional.*

FORMATION OF COAL AND IRON.

The important use of coal and iron, in administering to the supply of our daily wants, gives to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which few are conscious, in the geological events of those distant ages. We are all brought into immediate connection with all the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one-half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the earth and atmosphere, by which they are nourished; but, treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which, to men in these latter ages, have become the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is now shining with the light of gas, derived from coal that has been buried, for countless ages, in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food and maintain our forges, and the extraordinary power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition of strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which are constructed by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved on the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron—those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral productions of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.—*Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.*

LOVE OF RICHES.

The love of riches in the sordid mind, is a vice which denies the wearer the benefit of affections, kindred, love, or friendship; who dares neither give others to eat, nor scarce eats himself; whose soul, cramped and reduced to that one despicable point, has not room for emulation, glory, munificence, benevolence, or any of those brighter sallies that distinguish human kind. Nor do I well see how the extremely covetous can be any way just; for it is a vice ways accompanied with envy at the possessions of others, and would in itself content not only all they see, but even all they could imagine. To such minds, were the Indies to impart their riches, and the mountains open and reveal their shining stores, the seas give up their irrecoverable treasure, still would they remain unsatisfied—because the love of riches is boundless, never to be cloyed—no, not by the utmost fullness, by any extremity of possession.—*On the Love of Riches, from the French, 1727.*

WASTE OF PAPER AND PRINT.

How many mighty volumes could I point out to you, the whole purpose of which is to reconcile the mind to some manifest contradiction, or to disprove some self-evident truth!—*Alkin's Letters to his Son.*

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Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.